



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

GOOD-MORROW, my young Summerers, and a fair June to you! Soon my young country-folk will be having the rosiest kind of a time, and thousands upon thousands of young citizens will be scampering through fields, rolling down hillsides, or splashing into the "shining tumult" of the breakers.

Now, suppose we take up the subject of

TALKING DOLLS.

WHAT is this I hear? Are the dolls of this nineteenth century now to talk in earnest, laugh in earnest, cry in earnest, and, for aught I know, cough and sneeze in earnest when they catch cold?

And they are not to do all this with little squeaking sounds, such as have disgraced intelligent dolls up to the present date, but with real, human *child* voices, every shade of sound complete?

This is wonderful, and very hard to believe; yet it is *true*, I am told. Now, who can explain this matter?

THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET.

It appears, my hearers, that the "learned and sprightly correspondent," whom I quoted for you in December last, made a generous error in regard to the Russian alphabet. He gave it forty-one letters, when in truth it has but thirty-four, after all.

This I give you on the excellent authority of Nathan Haskell Dole, known to my dear Little School-ma'am and the rest of the world as the translator of Count Tolstoi's works. Tolstoi, the little lady says, is a great Russian novelist. Mr. Dole writes to this Pulpit: "The Ecclesiastical Slavonic, from which the Russian alphabet was derived, had forty-two letters, and literary Russian has thirty-four, strictly speaking, though it is com-

monly enough represented as having thirty-six, one letter being a form of *i* (ee) used only in a few church words, and the other still another form of the ninth letter, which is also *i* (called *I' Kratkoï*)."

Besides Mr. Dole's message from Boston, the Little School-ma'am has received this from a military friend stationed somewhere on the outskirts of civilization:

"You might tell your friends (and mine), Jack-in-the-Pulpit," he says, "that there is a little boy here, only forty-two years old, who takes exception to a statement in the December, number of ST. NICHOLAS about the number of letters in the Russian alphabet. My recollection of the same, re-enforced by a sly glance at my Russian Lexicon, is that thirty-six letters only are found in that alphabet. This includes all double letters, and the three forms of the letter 'i.' Possibly the alphabet may have grown since I studied the language. That was in 1867, and twenty years may have made changes in alphabets as well as in those who make use of them, but an addition of five letters is a large one."

Now, my chicks, you who are big may take in these facts with the dignity that so well becomes the new generation; but you who are little need not alter your daily life one jot, unless it be to sigh now and then for the poor little Russians who have had to learn eight or ten more letters than you did.

A "NINE" YEAR AGAIN

TRENTON, N. J.

DEAR JACK: Although the open-air roses are again ready to bloom, which proves that this year is nearly half gone, it is not too late to mention the fact that the figure nine is again on top of the calendar. It has not been there for ten years, but now it has come to stay. We, or our children, or their children's children, shall see it every year until its grand disappearance for nine years at the close of the Christmas holidays in 1999. Nine is the queerest figure in numbers, anyway, and it is calling especial attention to itself nowadays in every letter that is written in all parts of the Christian world.

Yours, respectfully, A SCHOOLBOY.

THOSE ICE-TANKS.

HERE is Prof. Starr's reply to Ruth Hartzell's inquiry, which your Jack read to you last month:

I have been asked why the metal tanks in the ice-factory (see "A Rose in a Queer Place," February ST. NICHOLAS) do not burst from the expansion of the freezing water within. The tanks are of galvanized iron usually, and though strong would yield somewhat to the pressure from within. More than this, the covers are loosely laid on, and the tanks may not be absolutely filled with water. This would allow of expansion *upward*. Of course, the ice expands only *while* freezing, and, when it is cooled much below freezing point, shrinks. So that the shrunken block would have no difficulty in slipping out of the tank, even if it had formed with the sides of the tank bulged out by pressure. To make the removal of these cakes still easier, the tank is usually a *little* larger at the top than at the bottom, and the sides gently slant downward.

I hope that this answer may be satisfactory to my questioner.

FREDERICK STARR.

"PANSIES ARE FOR THOUGHTS."

OIL CITY, PA.

DEAR JACK: I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the Third Reader in school. In my reader there is a piece of poetry. I will tell you some of it:

Jack-in-the-Pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees,
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

How do you like that, Jack? It is all about you.

Your friend, PANSY COOPER.

I like it very much, little Pansy. It is an old song, but, like the lily-bells, always new. It came straight from the heart of a true poet. Whenever you see anything in your Third Reader or anywhere else as pretty as this poem about Jack-in-the-Pulpit, just you read it, Pansy. It will make you grow.

THE ÆSTHETIC WASPS.

WHAT keen eyes they have! these busy little workers, flying hither and thither, over hill and valley, in the early spring days. House-hunting, that is what they are doing. In at your window, under the eaves of the barn, getting in the most inconceivable and, sometimes, unwelcome places. Nothing is beneath their notice; no, not even an old, discarded curtain-tassel, as a friend tells me who has seen the tassel.

Perhaps it was once one of the much-prized treasures of some small girl, rambling through the

loose hay, with her arms so full of toys that the treasure dropped, and was lost forever to the fond eyes of its owner. There it lay, unseen and useless, until, one day, a busy wasp came buzzing around the barn-yard, and, being a wasp of high æsthetic taste, this odd-looking, pretty-colored object in the long grass attracted its attention and gave it a most brilliant idea.

First taking a peep in at the top, it disappeared from view, only to reappear at the other end; then, the inspection revealing all that its cultivated taste demanded, flying off, with a satisfied buzz, to return with a whole colony of its fellow-workers, ready to begin on the new home.

So the wasp and its family worked day after day, from early morn until dusk, flying back and forth to their tasseled home, first making the cells for their eggs and food, then, all being snug and tight, hurrying off again to have the store-rooms well filled with provisions for the few who would live until another spring.

All through the summer months sounded their energetic, busy hum, telling a tale of lots of work to be done and six short months to do it in! *Buzz, buzz, buzz!*

Long since the little occupants deserted their æsthetic home, while the tassel, with the house still complete, reposes in the South Kensington Museum of Natural History, a lasting relic of the industry of those æsthetic wasps.

All this true and pretty story has been written out for you by M. B. Dickman, and your Jack has simply repeated it so that all the congregation may have it at the same time.





HOW DID THEY COME THERE?

BY ANNE BIGELOW DAY.

THE Maudy family always keep a box full of caterpillars and worms. Is n't that funny? But, you know, these creatures turn into queer things



called cocoons, like the one in the picture. In this form they live for many days until their little houses open and they come out butterflies or moths.

This year the Maudy family expected moths of the kind called *Polyphemus*. One morning Peter and Phœbe Maudy went out to the box, which they kept in the garden, and in it they found four of the beautiful brownish moths just out of their cocoons. There they were, fluttering their wings for joy because they felt the warm sunshine for the first time, and troubled only because the thin muslin over the top of the box kept them from flying out to the flowers near by.

The children stood looking at their new pets, and suddenly they noticed a very strange thing — a number of moths' wings, like the wings of the newcomers in the box, lay scattered about. They counted six on the bench and ten on the ground. How did the wings come there? The new moths were quite perfect, every one having its two pairs of wings.

Outside there were no bodies to be seen, only wings, wings, wings!

What had happened?

"Chirrup! chirrup!" said a saucy-looking robin on a neighboring tree. Another of the brown moths flew past, almost brushing Peter's nose. The new-comer flew to the box, settled on the muslin, and seemed to be saying good-morning to the prisoners.



Peter and Phœbe stood still, watching. Whir-r-r-r! Down came Mr. Robin. In a second he had snatched up the kind moth in the middle of the call, gobbled up his body, and left one more pair of brown wings to explain how all the other brown wings came there.

Peter and Phœbe told the robin how naughty he was, but he only looked saucier than ever. The children let the new moths fly away, and tucked in around their looking-glass the wings of the loving and unfortunate callers.



THE POLYPHEMUS MOTH.

(By permission, from Flint's edition of "Harris on Insects Injurious to Vegetation.")

THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

NAINI TAL, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy nine years old, living in the Himalaya mountains. My father is a missionary. I like your stories very much, especially "Juan and Juanita," "Sarah Crewe," "Two Little Confederates," and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." We always read "The Brownies," and like them very much. "We" means my sister Nora, eleven years old, and myself. We go to the high-schools here in Naini Tal. It is a beautiful town up in the mountains. We go down to the plains near the river Ganges, in the winter, as it is much warmer down there; and then we come up here when it gets very hot below. Our Christmas holidays are now nearly over.

When most of the English people and many natives went down, last winter, a lot of bears came through the

station; they were seen around everywhere, in people's gardens, and near their houses; a number of them were shot, though some were only wounded. One big black fellow swam right across the lake, nearly half a mile wide. Sometimes leopards come about our houses and take away our dogs; two of our dogs were taken away by them. They are very fond of dogs! One of these leopards gobbled up our little dog "Pudge" one night last summer. My mamma just heard one little yelp. Pudge stopped barking, and she never barked any more! The leopard got her. Her father was a water-spaniel, and her mother was a poodle; she had long hair, and we miss her very much. We have two white mice, which run about the house and live in holes in the stone wall.

This is my first letter to ST. NICHOLAS.

KARL W—.

FORT DU CHESNE, UTAH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have lived at this post for more than six months, but not until the other day did I have an opportunity to go to the Uintah Indian agency, although it is only thirteen miles north from this place.

I am sure a great many readers of ST. NICHOLAS never saw a real Indian, and for that reason I will try and tell them what I saw at the agency.

Uintah is the name of one of the three tribes of Ute Indians that live about us. I have not heard what *Ute* means, but suppose it to be the Indian name for some animal.

This is the time of year for the Bear dance, which is quite an important event among the Utes, I think, as the dance lasts from seven to eight days, and is held every year. The Indians reckon time by the moon.

The Bear dance is the only dance in which the squaws are allowed to take part. The Indians were very oddly dressed; some wore buckskin suits, which were very handsomely embroidered with beads, others wore cloth of all colors.

The chief had his face painted with red and blue, and his hair was braided and tied at the end with a long fox tail. He had a long switch with which he switched the Indians if they did not dance.

The music was made by a lot of bucks (warriors) seated on the ground by a sort of wooden table. Each buck had a stick which was notched an inch or so apart. They were all cut differently so as to make different sounds; they had a piece of wood made round which they kept rubbing up and down over the other piece of wood which rested on the table. They kept singing, a low, monotonous chant without any music.

The Indians had their faces painted. I noticed one especially; his face was painted bright yellow, and he had a wreath of fox fur around his head.

The chief's son has been at an academy for six years, I was told; but he now refuses to speak a word of English, which makes one wonder if Indians ever will be civilized. Hoping this is not too long to be printed,

I remain your loving reader, KATE G. C—.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for nearly five years, and have gained much amusement and instruction from your pages.

I live on the banks of a river, and in the summer we have great fun swimming, boating, and fishing.

In our front yard is a large maple-tree, and one night last fall we had a very heavy shower. In the morning forty-one dead sparrows were picked up under the tree. Under a cluster of trees across the river one hundred and seventy-five were found. That storm created great havoc among the birds.

Hoping to see this in the "Letter-box," I am still

Your loving reader, FRANK D. C—.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTANA TER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little frontier town in Montana, where I was born eight years ago. My papa has a ranch and lots of sheep, horses, and cattle. I like best to live at the ranch and go fishing and play at hunting. Sometimes we see deer and antelope there, and often prairie-wolves (coyotes) come around and kill sheep and lambs. Once my papa shot a bear there. In the summer the ground-squirrels are running in and out of their burrows nearly all of the time, and they eat everything green in the garden. So, when I go there, I trap as many as I can with a small steel trap.

It is great fun to watch the little lambs in the spring; sometimes there are two thousand in one flock, and they

run around in a circle and jump up and roll over in the jolliest way.

There were twin calves at the ranch last summer, and I tried to lasso them and ride on their backs, but did not succeed very well, though it was fun for me and seemed to be, for them.

Some Indians came into town, a few weeks ago, to sell skins of beavers and wolves that they had killed. They wore bright-colored blankets and rode Indian ponies. A gentleman here bought the beaver skins and had an overcoat made. It took twenty to make one coat.

Your loving reader, MORRILL.

WE take pleasure in showing the following delightful letter from two little French friends. We print the letter just as we received it:

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS—We are two little girls who have thirteen years. We are come from France the seventeen septembre, and visit our aunt, who teaches English to us. We like it much in America. When we are at home we live just outside of Nice and have very many of pets. We have fawns who run in the park around our house and 3 ponies, who have for names, Bayard, Emperor, Rénée, we have also one large dog of St. Bernard named Fidèle, we liked very much the story of Aimée as we have been often to Nice. We were charmed with Little Lord Fauntleroy, which our English governess aided us in reading. We fear this letter is too long, so bid you good-bye; and hope to see our letter in print, as it is the first we have ever written to you. Your admiring friends,

ELOISE and LUCIENNE DE V—.

PHOENIX, A. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I expect you will be surprised to get a letter from "far-away Arizona"; but my cousin has been sending you to me as a present for the last two years, and, for about five years before that, my aunt had been sending you to me. So I thought it was about time to be writing you a letter and telling you how much I like you.

I suppose that you think it must be very hot here, but it is not so hot as it is represented to be. We never have snow at Phoenix, but the mountains east and north are covered with snow. All around the vicinity of Phoenix the earth is spotted with mounds varying in height and size. Excavations have been made near Tempe (nine miles from Phoenix) by Lieutenant Cushing of the Smithsonian Institution, and human skeletons and many other interesting relics were unearthed. I visited the place, and it was very interesting. They were almost all lying with their heads toward the east, and near their hands was a little olla of corn and another olla supposed to have contained water. These were the provisions (I suspect) that they were going to eat when they were on their way to the Spirit Land.

All the skeletons were laid in a mold of hard substance like brick, and some of them had their mouths open.

There was also an altar with a skeleton of a little child on it. Where all these were unearthed is supposed to have been a burial ground.

There were many more interesting relics, etc., but it takes too much space to tell about them.

It is supposed that this race existed before the Aztecs, and it is not known where they went, came from, or anything else about them. I could write lots more about them, but I know your space is precious.

I hope I have not already made my letter too long. But I thought you might be interested to hear something about the mound-builders near Phoenix. Your true friend and admirer,

FANNIE H. B—.

SIVAS, TURKEY IN ASIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Sivas is a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, composed of Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. There are only two American families and one English. It is nearly five thousand feet above the sea. There are some ruined gateways and towers over five hundred years old. The old houses all have flat roofs, and they are made of dirt and stones. The government now forbids citizens to build flat roofs, because sometimes the roofs cave in and bury the people inside, so now they must build their roofs of tiles. Very many of the customs of the people here are just contrary to the customs of America. They leave their shoes at the door and keep their fezes on in the house. In church or in school they sit on the carpets on the floor. When you meet a person in the street you turn to the left. When they shoe an ox or a donkey, they tie up his feet and make him lie on his back. A bride is the servant of the family, and she can not talk until her mother-in-law gives her permission. I have three bound volumes of the ST. NICHOLAS, and I like the stories very much. I am a boy, eleven years old. Your loving reader, LUKE CRESCENS H—.

ST. MARY'S HALL, BURLINGTON, N. J.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken your magazine ever since it was published, and we are very fond of it.

St. Mary's Hall is a large boarding-school for girls; there are sixty pupils, counting the day-scholars.

Every afternoon the girls walk out in twos, and one day when we were walking through the country, a bull, which was feeding in a field near by, tore after the girls, who ran screaming in every direction.

The school is situated on the banks of the Delaware, and on summer evenings each girl is allowed to walk out with her favorite mate. There is a beautiful chapel joining the school, and on Sundays the service sung by the girls is largely attended.

We hope you will print this letter as we have never seen any letters from girls at a boarding-school.

We are very busy here and do not have much time for reading, but the ST. NICHOLAS is always welcome.

Your loving friends,

LOUISE MCA— and DAISY G—.

JEANSVILLE, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you since 1880, through the kindness of our uncle.

We live in the coal regions, and I do not like it very much.

I have been down in the mines several times, and it is very interesting.

If I had space I would tell you about the stable in the mines. However, I will just give you a short description of it.

Imagine going down into the earth about half a mile, with your hair standing on end from fright, and at last coming to a level tunnel which is called the gangway. About a hundred yards in, you come to the stable, which is just a large opening at one side, cut out of the solid earth. It is full of mules at night, and also rats,—hundreds of them. Sometimes the poor mules stay all their life in the mines and become perfectly blind to light.

I remain your loving reader, ROY B—.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old, and have taken you for six years. I like all your stories, the Indian ones especially, because my grandfather has lived for a number of years in the Black Hills of Dakota, near an Indian Reservation, and has seen several of the chiefs mentioned in ST. NICHOLAS,—Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, Man-Afraid-of-his-Horse, and many others.

I have a real Indian blanket in which an Indian was killed; also a red pipe-stone battle-ax. My grandfather lives very near the place where General Custer was killed. I have just been reading "Boots and Saddles," an interesting book by Mrs. Custer.

Affectionately yours, PLINY S. H—.

BORDENTOWN, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am eight and a half years old. I like you very much, and especially the "Bunny Stories" and the children's letters. I send this poetry, which I wrote myself.

Your little friend, GRANT K—.

The rain was on the window pane,
The sun was in a fright
Because he could not find his house,
That rainy, rainy night.
The moon was just about to rise,
But the stars put down their heads
In their little beds,
Until the moon said, "Stars, get up,
The sun is in a fright
Because he can not find his house,
This rainy, rainy night." GRANT K—.

WE thank the young friends whose names here follow for pleasant letters received from them: Nina T. Smith, Lotta B. Smith, Nathalie C. Wilson, Hattie Spencer, Chester, Fannie H. K., Lulu A. L., L. B., M. L. and E. B., Mattie W. N., Willis J. Hoyt, May E., S. Isabel Stahl, Florence Osborn, Emily Clary, Dora S., Jessie G. and Lizzie S., Belle Cady, S. W. F., C. R. H., J. W. L., Florence Thayer, Edith N. Jones, Elizabeth V. F. V., Grace Oakes, A. M. G., Harriet B. MacF., Kathleen H. Lovett, Percival Delafield, Ida C. J., Sam Chapin, Julia Jackson Chapin, A. E. J., Terecita and Juanita, Nannie W. Cotten, Lillian A. Sturtevant, Bessie Smith, M. Crane, G. K. P., Helen Porter, Mabel E. Dibble, Mabel and Jessie Henderson, Laura May Hadley, Daisy L. Brown, Lulu P. Manning, Mary C., Beatrice, Grace Elser, Fay Turner, Herbert G., Helen C. Ward, E. W. C., B. B. W., Robert Bond, Edith Whitmore, Enid W. D., Floyd R. Macy, Ellen G. Barbour, Cleveland Smith, Kate Alexander, Emma L. Campbell, John D. G. O., Edith Leslie, Gertrude Allen, A. T. Prouty, Clifford M. Balkam, Orville A. Howard, G. Dyer, Marie R. K., Ellen George, Elsie Bleecker, Florence B., Judith C. Verplanck and Marie B., E. Downs, Olive M., Frances H., May S. D., E. Holmes, Wm. MacKenzie, Eddie A. B., Beatrix D., Maude J. and Alice S., Paul Waller, Alice H. and Amanda G., Bertha Chase, Emily Wolff, Mary E. Hale, H. R. Edgar, Alfred A. Bell, Kate Gordon, Lloyd R. Coleman, Jr., Bessie M. Cooper, Dorothy F., Edith Edwards, L. Thorn, Jennie Boies, Kate Peet, Eula Lee Davidson, Nell M. T., Hattie A. J., Edward F. Johnson, and Luther J. Hamilton.

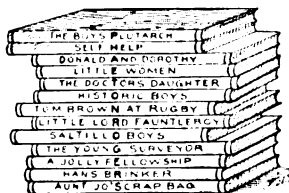
THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

ANAGRAMS. 1. Oranges. 2. Watermelon. 3. Nectarine. 4. Pomegranate. 5. Apricots. 6. Pineapple. 7. Cherries. 8. Peaches. 9. Strawberries. 10. Cranberries.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Dinah. 2. Irene. 3. Nerve. 4. Anvil. 5. Heels. II. 1. Hagar. 2. Agile. 3. Gibes. 4. Alert. 5. Rests. III. 1. Ethel. 2. Tiara. 3. Hates. 4. Erect. 5. Lasts. IV. 1. Jesse. 2. Ellen. 3. Slant. 4. Sense. 5. Enter. V. 1. Comus. 2. Ozone. 3. Mopsa. 4. Unset. 5. Seats.

A BOOK PUZZLE.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Decoration Day; finals, Decoration Ode. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Deplume. 2. Escalade. 3. Choleric. 4. Oristan. 5. Rebutter. 6. Anaphora. 7. Thickset. 8. Illman. 9. Orator. 10. Natatio. 11. Doloroso. 12. Asteroid. 13. Yokemate.

WORDS WITHIN WORDS. 1. S-shake-r. 2. P-rover-b. 3. P-ledge-s. 4. P-aster-n. 5. S-tag-e. 6. M-is-er-y. 7. F-oregon-e. 8. N-odd-y. 9. G-rue-l. 10. P-rice-s. 11. L-otter-y. 12. B-ours-e.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Maud E. Palmer—Paul Reese—Russell Davis—Mary L. Gerrish—"Infantry"—K. G. S.—M. D. M.—Aunt Kate, Jamie and Mamma—Pearl F. Stevens—"Mamma, Aunt Martha and Sharley"—Willoughby—Jo and I—Emily and Annie Dembitz—J. L. C. and L. H. M.

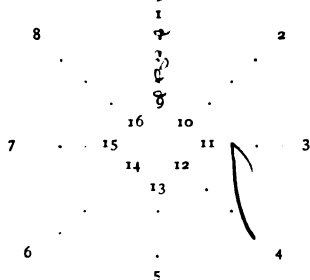
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from Margaret Lachenour, 2—Ethelind, 4—A. Ashhurst, 1—C. Densmore Curtis, 1—Annie R. F., 1—May Martin, 1—Henry Guilford, 8—Clara O., 7—Maxie and Jackspar, 10—Emma V. Fish, 1—Edith Watt, 5—Ida C. Thallon, 10—May Hebbard, 1—A. L. Babbitt, 1—Paul P. Lyon, 1—"Nig and Mig," 10—J. R. Sharp, 2—Jennie, Mina and Isabel, 5—"R. M. A., 4—Ray Swain and Wildrick Lentz, 3—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Arthur B. Lawrence, 5—Edward Hitch, 1—E. de F. and M. E. Heald, 1—Anna G. Gilpin, 2—W. N. S., 5—Clara and Emma, 2—Horace H. Francine, 2—Lester and Gertie, 1—Edith J. Sanford, 8—Eva Kennahan, 2—"Nodge," 8—Angie C. Lyon, 4—"May and 79," 5—Charles C. Norris, 3—Edwin W. Fullam, 3—"A. Fiske and Co., 10—Joslyn Z. and Julian C. Smith, 4—Nellie L. Howes, 6—L. H. F. and "Mistic," 7—Mathilde, Ida and Alice, 8—Mabel C. Bird, 1—"Tom, Dick and Harrie," 9—M. B., 6—P. F., 6.

CHARADE.

OVER my first the school-boy moaning toils,
Puzzling in vain his weary aching head;
My second hid the feared Armada's spoils
(But 't is in French its name must now be said).
When comes my whole, radiant with sun and shower,
The boy forgets my first in happy play;
My second, all unconscious of its power,
But gleams and sparkles through the sluggish day.

"BAB."

RIMLESS WHEELS.



I. FROM 1 to 9, a small, spicy berry; from 2 to 10, a great artery proceeding from the heart; from 3 to 11, having power to grind; from 4 to 12, a city of Prussia; from 5 to 13, a kind of tea; from 6 to 14, a name found in the first chapter of Numbers, the ninth

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Diagonals, from left to right, Memorial Day; from right to left, Emancipated. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Misconstrue. 2. Meerschauts. 3. Remonstrate. 4. Disorganize. 5. Superscribe. 6. Constituted. 7. Reappearing. 8. Disannulled. 9. Intermeddle. 10. Dendritual. 11. Deuterogamy.

A PENTAGON. 1. L. 2. Tar. 3. Tacit. 4. Laconic. 5. Rindle. 6. Tiled. 7. Cede.

SINGLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Hans Christian Andersen. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Handy. 2. Andre. 3. Natal. 4. Sugar. 5. Cline. 6. Humor. 7. Rumor. 8. Idler. 9. Sagas. 10. Titus. 11. Irene. 12. Alter. 13. Novel. 14. Adams. 15. Nicot. 16. Demon. 17. Ember. 18. Ruble. 19. Scope. 20. Epoch. 21. Noose.

CHARADE. Dynamite.
NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Pride only helps us to be generous; it never makes us so, any more than vanity will help us to be witty."
Pl. Thou pulse of joy, whose throb beats time
For daisied field, for blossoming spray!
To dance of leaf and song-bird's chime
Set all the prose of life to rhyme.
King in the May!

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

DIAMOND. 1. M. 2. Rot. 3. Redan. 4. Modicum. 5. Tacit. 6. Nut. 7. M.

EASY GREEK CROSS. I. 1. Crab. 2. Roll. 3. Aloe. 4. Blew. II. 1. Barb. 2. Anil. 3. Ric. 4. Blew. III. 1. Blew. 2. Love. 3. Ever. 4. Were. IV. 1. Wire. 2. Ebon. 3. Road. 4. Ends. V. 1. Were. 2. Even. 3. Rend. 4. Ends.

SYNCOPIATIONS. Inauguration. 1. pla-l-n. 2. po-N-e. 3. m-A-ud. 4. d-U-o. 5. lod-G-e. 6. la-U-d. 7. p-R-ig. 8. p-A-in. 9. s-T-olid. 10. la-l-rd. 11. m-O-use. 12. la-N-ce.

verse; from 7 to 15, the title of a poem by Keats; from 8 to 16, divisions.

From 1 to 8, a poet who died on June 15th, 1844; from 9 to 16, the name of one of the apostles whose festival occurs on June 11th.

II. From 1 to 9, a large bird; from 2 to 10, a musical drama; from 3 to 11, pulverized sugar candy; from 4 to 12, an insect; from 5 to 13, an animal valued for its fur; from 6 to 14, common; from 7 to 15, to prohibit; from 8 to 16, to call out.

From 1 to 8, an American battle fought on June 28th, 1778; from 9 to 16, a European battle fought on June 18th, 1815.

CYRIL DEANE.

OCTAGONS.

I. 1. A vehicle. 2. Governed. 3. One who has the superintendence of a museum. 4. One of the United States. 5. Recaptured. 6. Cupolas. 7. Moved swiftly.

II. 1. A vulgar fellow. 2. A name by which a pagoda is sometimes called. 3. A piece of furniture. 4. To excite. 5. Presented. 6. To prevent by fear. 7. To spread, as new-mown hay.

F. S. F.

CONNECTIVE WORD-SQUARES.

I. ACROSS: 1. A sprite. 2. A river. 3. An insect. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. Mankind. 3. To caress.

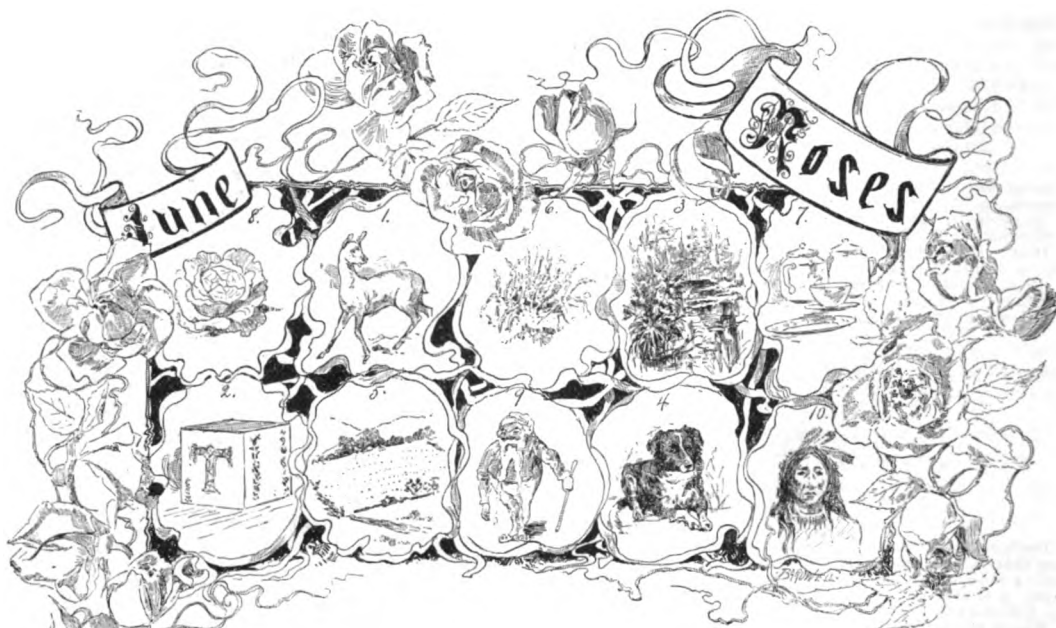
II. ACROSS: 1. An animal. 2. To look. 3. Appropriate. Downward: 1. A serpent. 2. A body of water. 3. Precise.

III. ACROSS: 1. The name of a tragedy. 2. A portion of time. 3. A verb. Downward: 1. A feminine name. 2. An implement useful to sailors. 3. An English theological writer.

IV. ACROSS: 1. Devoured. 2. Gained. 3. Enticed. Downward: 1. An implement. 2. Part of the body. 3. Finis.

When the four first words described in each of the four word-squares are read in connection, they will form a single word of twelve letters which means "strongly affected."

CYRIL DEANE.



In the accompanying illustration each of the ten small pictures suggests the name of a rose. What are the ten names?

PI.

A VOGLR parespa het noer;
Het wedmoa karl locras eth norm;
Eth wed tinselg rove
Het sagsr dan teh rolvec
Sit eujn — nad het rumsem si nobr!

Het taindar sohur nodar
Tihw ginluscret weslof het hotrn;
Eth tosf zesrebe vohre
Het sagsr dan teh vecrol;
Ist neju — nad het musrem si robn!

MRS. H. C. S.

HOOR-GLASS.

THE central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Complaining. 2. Continuing for a long time. 3. One of the planets. 4. A short sleep. 5. In apple. 6. A vehicle. 7. A weapon. 8. A large shallow dish. 9. A walk for amusement.

"DAB KINZER."

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My *first*, a blossom white as snow
With *pistul* all of gold;
My *next* an overcoat will show,
For keeping out the cold;
My *third*, if you are in a fright,
Will overspread your cheek;
The laundress keeps my *fourth* in sight
The first of every week;
My *last* a bird you surely know, —
A near relation to the crow.

My *initials*, unless I'm mistaken,
Will show you a tricky wight
Who always is plotting some mischief;
My *finals*, his weapon of might.

"Z. Y. X."

DIAMOND.

1. In pattern. 2. A word used in old records meaning a kind of customary payment by a tenant. 3. Sherry. 4. Occupants. 5.

A species of spider. 6. A period of a hundred years. 7. The Scottish name for a young ox. 8. Cunning. 9. In pattern.

L. LOS REGNI.

A RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A certain order of architecture. 2. Surfeited. 3. Pertaining to a foot. 4. A firm, hard substance. 5. A portable chair.

DOWNWARD: 1. A letter from Russia. 2. A bone. 3. To doze. 4. A short notice. 5. Resigns. 6. Epoch. 7. A small boy. 8. A note in music. 9. A letter from India.

F. S. F.

A HEXAGON.

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1. To incite. 2. Languished. 3. Idle. 4. Remnant. 5. To infer. 6. Pertaining to a duke. 7. Fishes of a certain kind.

F. S. F.

FLORAL PUZZLE.

In each of the nine following sentences there is concealed the name of a flower; the meaning, or sentiment, of the flower is given in italics in the same sentence. When the nine flowers are rightly selected, and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the initial letters will spell a title often bestowed upon June.

1. Did you hear us humbly beseech the governor to pardon the prisoner; and did he not listen to us with great *docility*?

2. In the play of "Hamlet" I assume the title rôle; and Erminie will perform "Ophelia." We shall endeavor to *beware* of over-acting.

3. Charles was affronted when I begged him not to drink; but I said, "*excess is dangerous*."

4. When I have heard Caleb, on yearly missions, preach on the beauty of charity, and then know how often he refuses to aid the poor, I think there is much *hypocrisy* in him.

5. I told William other worthy persons had had their *secret love* discovered.

6. Do not ever use deception, Carlos. I, ere this, have discovered that *frankness* is always best.

7. Some of the knights had endeavored to discover the *bitter truth* concerning some rumors.

8. I hate a selfish person, and do not like to see one give way to *misanthropy*.

9. I strive to share Belle's burdens and to assuage her *grief*.

F. S. F.